

TO THE HONORABLE

Assemble of the COMMONS

in the present Parliament.

**T**He Honor, due vnto you all,  
And reverence, to you each one,  
I do first yeeld most speciall;  
Grant me this time, to heare my mone.

NOW, (if you will) full well you may,  
Fowle sclaunders tongues for euer tame;  
And helpe the trueth, to beare some sway,  
In iust defence of a good Name:

Halfe hundred yeeres, which hath had wrong,  
By false light tongues, and diuelish hate:  
O helpe tryde Trueth, to become strong,  
So God of Trueth, will blesse your State.

In sundry sorts, this Sclaunder great,  
(Of *Coniurer*) I haue sore blamde:  
But wilfull, rash, and spitefull heat,  
Doth nothing cease, to be enflamde.

Your helpe, therefore, by Wildom's lore,  
And by your Powre, so great and sure,  
I humbly craue, that neuer more,  
This hellish wound, I shall endure.

And so your \* Act, with Honor great,  
All Ages will hereafter prayse:  
And Trueth, that sits in Heauenly seat,  
Will, in like case, your Comforts rayse.

*\* An Act ge-  
nerall against  
Sclaunder, and  
a speciall penall  
Order for Iohn  
Dee his case.*

*Most durisfully in all humilitie at your  
commandement. Iohn Dee, Seruant and  
Mathematician to his most royall Maiestie.*

*An. 1604. Iuny 8.*